

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1908.

20 Wives; :- :-

Or, Why the Hearth Loses Its Lustre.

By Barton W. Currie

No. 1—She's the Wife That Is Entirely Too Loving.



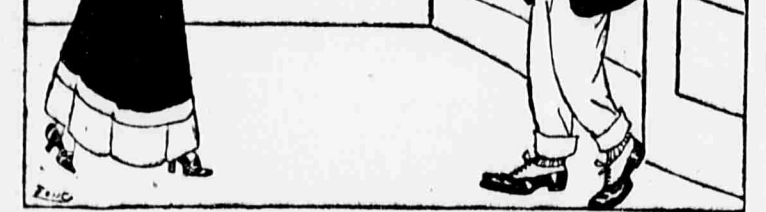
ALTHOUGH no fixed rules may apply for the newlywed, for the normal man the honeymoon should end in the sixth month. Toward the end of the sixth month the wife should realize that she has married a man and not a Teddy bear. Hubby may have the softest hands in the world and the largest and silkiest ears, but after they have been pawed over something like forty weeks they begin to wear the tactile qualities of excruciations.

The Too Loving Wife never realizes this. When the Life of Her Life comes home it never dawns upon her that his feet are groaning for his slippers and his shoulders aching for a soft coat.

She needs must fold him in her arms with a Sophie Brandt caress. He must respond.

Her eyes will swim the honeymoon stroke, and if his lack the merest trace of the demanded love-lustre all bets are off for that evening.

Whom has he met? Where has he stopped in the course of that thirty-



When He Comes Home.

six seconds he is late? Doesn't he know that every breathing minute of the day her heart has beat for but him; that his picture nestled in the ever waking camera of her heart?

Broadway Mythology

The Judgment of Paris Is Repeated in Front of an Apple Cart, and Venus, as in the Olden Days, Wins the Apple.

By Ann Evans.

JUNO, Queen of the Gods; Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, and Venus, Goddess of Love, and the golden "Apple of Discord," inscribed "To the Most Beautiful," Paris was the Judge. Juno offered power, Minerva fame and Venus love. Venus won.



THE three were sitting down upper Broadway.

Juno, magnificent matron, had the rail. Her glory was augmented by a new crop of diamonds and even added pride, the results of a successful season "on the road." The Queen of the Gods still loves the limelight, but now she was ready for two months to rest and keep an eye on Jupiter, who still needed it.

Minerva, in the middle, gazed profoundly at a cloud veiled over Columbia College, and tried to solve by trigonometry the problem of paying for graduation hats and dresses and having something left for vacation.

Venus, carefree, radiant Goddess of Eternal Youth, love and laughter, just wasn't anything but beautiful—and happy—but that is enough, isn't it? Juno might stand for pride and glory. Minerva for the triumph of brains. Venus was the kingdom of hearts freely given, without rhyme or reason, for love's sake.

Juno glanced at the fluffy-browed, effervescent young goddess jealously.

"Isn't she a wonder?" she asked Minerva. "Swings along, and doesn't care whether a man ever looks at her! Venus, I don't believe you'd give a dollar for the love of the last man on the block."



He Must Respond.

Presently the sight of a tramp bum-bleeze makes him swing in the air wildly. He gets to clenching the block twice before he makes the leap into the close clinch of the Too-Loving One. Her vocabulary of pet names falls on him.

"What bliss if she'd only meet him with a rolling pin or a stove lid! There would be variety to make the cornucopia leap like a Yale pole-vaulter.

"But, alas! 'This not to be. His respiration is examined as if she searched for exotic germs. He darts not do this. He fears to do that. Chix—an affinity who has cut her wisdom teeth.

rear pocket and, polishing the fruit vigorously, held it toward Venus.

"Miss—make-a me glad. Hava, da ap?" said the new Paris come to pomponal judgment.

No. 1.—Those Gentleman Jockeys; What's The Price?



CLARENCE L. CULLEN

TALKING about suicides in humid weather and that, stuff, maybe you've worked a knot-hole at one of these meetings of the United Hunt Steeplechase Association. That means the Bank Wad Boys in pin-de-winkle coats and gem-studded spurs, putting the timber-toppers over the sticks and stones and gulches and things. I had one afternoon's peek at it. Since then I've liked the game of croquet. It was sadder than "Love Me and the World Is Mine" when you've got seven teen malle under the surcingle to see these moneyed Mister riders getting strowed all over the clean green grass by their mounts, and rolled on and kicked in the platinum teeth and dragged around and jammed into the wings of the jumps and yanked through the water hops and landed on the top of prickly helices.

The thing is, what for? I'm not bamboozling the question at the gingers who drag plugs over hedges for a living—the ones that never get the Mister thing chalked in front of their monikers on the jock board. Ridding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. It's their way of nudging by. They're out with search warrants for the laundry change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with buttons to push, and the only way they know to try to get anything is to steer maybe-jumpers over things sticking out of the greensward.

But why do the gugs that have already got it in jute-bag lots fall for that hopping stuff? Please inclose diagram of Fig. 1. I can't unwind it without the drawings.

One of those Mister riders that I saw is going to have the price of about fifteen million six-hundred watches some day, and even now, before he's due for the big tear-off, he's got so much of the buying duff spraddled around in his palms that he means and mutters in his sleep because he can't begin to wait it in.

He can ride, too. He's pretty near as good a rider as some Gallagher of a sure-enough over-the-jumps jock that has got to do it for a living.

But when I piped this clean-looking young Mister boy parading his hopping poodle into the field grass

Author of "Tales of Ex-Tanks."

I was there with a layout of inside question marks that made Wu Tingfang look like a mule. All of the kale that he could conveniently carry in his dum-garres without turning turtle and rolling over on his back like a wuglebug and fifteen million of those big milled silver frijoles in plain sight—and there he was astraddle of a dippy, wrong-headed thing with



"Listening to the Wozy Walling of the Flute."

a mane and four hard hoofs and only one idea in its conk, and all this four-hoof with the one idea has got to do it to take off about two feet too far forward or forget to clear a board by about an eighth of an inch or sprawl when he hits the other side, and then the little Mister with all of the goodies that were packed and preserved and put away for him before he was born is just as liable as not to be greased over the Big Divide before he has time to ask if his cap's on straight.

Show me! And all the time, instead of that stuff he could be up in a grand stand box listening to the wozy walling of the flutes and flagolets and un-reeling the wisdom steam into the ear of something winner-looking sitting alongside of him and piping the infidlar grass a-wimbling in the zephyrs. Alowyn and maybe a foot-high flagon of the hlsky amber

wet right alongside, and— Say, that'd be me—in the box!

Because, just as long as I've got a two-plaster shipplaster in the kick or anywhere in sight I'm going to be as busy flugging trouble as a one-armed carpet-beater with the shingles. And if riding horse-back over heap-up brush and puddles and things isn't trouble all the way from canape to coffee, then I don't know the difference 'tween a slate pencil and a searchlight on a tin roof.

When I peered at these Mister boys with bank bundles that eight Eskimo dogs couldn't pull on a sled—when I flashed 'em bouncing along over the stiffs that way, I wondered what it'd look like to see the president of a trust company working in the tunnel for one-eighty a day.

And it's about a stand-off. The pinkie-winkies don't have to do that riding thing, but neither does old Fatteroff with the coupon-clipping hole have to take a chance on getting the tunnel bends.

The gings with the corse jackets can sit down and show smoke rings at the lace curtains from the time they fall out of the chinks in the morning till their man hands 'em their nightgown. They've got the whole gaw sewed up with a sailmaker's needle and put away on ice. Nothing makes any difference to them. Room rent is a thing they never heard of. The eats is only a case of what they feel like buttoning for, not what they've got the junk to come through for. They never heard of a down-and-outer having to ink his hat brim.

All they've got to do is to live and loff and loaf and open the world up like a Baltimore dinge with an oyster knife. The best thing they do is to sit in club windows inhaling mists out of Bohemian glassware, watching the live ones flutter by and piping the rest of us on our way to work. And yet they perish from bo-koop one-way if they can't climb up on the backs of these leperinners and take a chance on the quick cash-in right in the presence of the audience.

Me for the blue prints on that. I'm not looking for anybody to ever tipple along and hand me anything except a crab apple with a lot of old blotches in it.

But if I was with the ochro papers like most of these Mister riders that are always groping around for some new kind of a way to lose a fin or drop a wick or to get their skykypes dented up like a corrugated zinc roof, I guess maybe I wouldn't give 'em a lifetime imitation of Little-Jean-Near-There in the act of losing trouble and getting the laid layout of lolls out of the bundle.

The Shirt-Sleeves Manners of the Family

By Lilian Bell.

The Husband Who Forgets Whatever Manners He Ever Had.



LILIAN BELL

DID you ever stop to realize that the phrase "company manners" in itself implies that there was such a negligence thing in existence as "home manners?"

Home manners between husband and wife have, in many instances, come to be decidedly negligible manners, and that word reminds me of Weber & Fields's definition of it.

"Negligee," said Fields to Weber, "is the French for 'neglected.' But you are worse than neglected; you are forgotten."

Forgotten manners certainly obtain in many families. I know a man who has delightful "company manners." When



His Manners Are Not Home-Grown.

we are out together he is the first to take a draught, the first to render me any of the little assistances which make life so smooth when they are ingrained. But his are not. His wife, when they are at the theatre together, carries the opera glasses, folds the programmes, struggles in and out of her coat by herself, sits alone between acts, hands herself into the street car by main force, jumps off alone, while, half the time, he walks a pace ahead of her, instead of at her side.

He summons her by a grunt "Come on!" turns corners abruptly without telling her which way he intends to go, signals her with waves of his hand, so like a brakeman flagging a freight train that I often wonder what he was before he got into Wall street. He says, "We'll take the Subway!" He never says, "How shall we go, dear, elevated, surface or Subway?" Not he! His manners are not home-grown. They are home-stunted.

His wife suffers under such disregard, for she was more considerably treated in her father's house, but she can do nothing with him. When good manners are not born in one they are never the genuine thing, for politeness

indicates the measure of your breeding. It isn't just what you call "manners."

"Politeness is to do and say. The kindest thing in the kindest way." I'd rather bring up a child on those two lines than on the Golden Rule. I believe it would work better, more continuously and bring more permanent results.

You forget the Golden Rule sometimes if somebody kicks your ankle bone in the elevated, but truly good manners will compel you to accept an apology politely and graciously.

I know one man who has fairly good manners at home who will some day get killed because of his insolence and boorishness in public. He, who is all courtesy to any one he knows, and kindness itself to his friends, becomes a menace to himself and a danger to strangers by his overbearing manner to servants, clerks, stenographers, street car conductors, or to any stranger who jostles him in a crowd or infringes upon his comfort in any way. This man never realizes that by every such act he advertises his mother's lack of early training and that he casts reflections upon his wife's taste in marrying him.

Manners tell more secrets concerning your origin than that you fawn would conceal from the world at large than anything else on earth.

My next talk will be on "The Shirt-Sleeves Manners of Father."

John Henry's Praise of Buttermilk

By George V. Hobart.

("Hugh McHugh.")

DEAR Bunch: So they've steered you up against a new cure for your dyspepsia, eh?—buttermilk!

And a great idea, Bunch, believe me!

It certainly is lucky to drink buttermilk.

Buttermilk is to the worn-out system the same as a fat office is to a stout politician.

As a thirst-splasher buttermilk is the one best bet, but don't ever tell any one in Milwaukee that I made such a statement.

Drink it, Bunch, every time you can, because buttermilk comes down to us from the remotest ages with splendid recommendations.

Every great man in history was a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Every great man who is now spending his time trying to get into history is a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.



"I am going to March's Cafe."

Julius: "You don't need to wait lunch for me, Cattie."

"But, Julius," whispered Calatumpia: "why do you spend so much time at March's cafe in the Forum? It isn't a good place for you to go, my dear. Besides, there is always a bunch of loafers hanging around that joint. Why don't you sit here at home with me in the cool Stadium and drink buttermilk

with your loving Calatumpia?"

"Buttermilk!" sneered Julius: "such a drink is only for mollycoddles and pink fingers. It doesn't make rich blood in the veins like the hard cider I get at March's. Awaunt and raise mittim!"

"But please don't go to that cafe this morning," Calatumpia kept on pleading. "Stay at home just this once and spread some of this delicious buttermilk over your thirst."

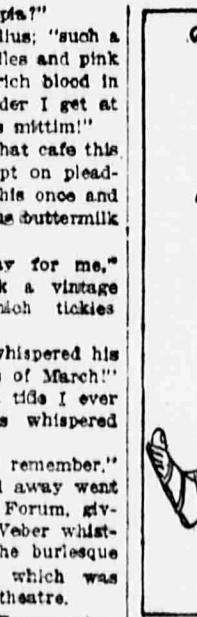
"No buttermilk this day for me," answered Julius. "I seek a vintage more expensive and which tickles more as it goes down."

"The tides of March," whispered his wife; "remember the tides of March!"

"Would this be the first tide I ever got from March?" Julius whispered back.

"The tides of March, remember," was her only answer; and away went Julius to the cafe in the Forum, driving an imitation of Joe Weber whistling "Girls! Girls!" from the burlesque of the "Merry Widow," which was then running at the Amphitheatre.

What happened in the Forum when the loafers used Julius Caesar for a punchline everybody remembers.



"Away went Julius whistling."

Many other times in the ages past did buttermilk come to the surface, so you may take it from me, Bunch, that it is lucky to drink it.

Yes, Bunch, and I'll give you my solemn word that buttermilk will remove freckles.

Catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the standard what does he lack in life?

20 Husbands :-

All of Them More or Less Undesirable.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. 8—The Husband That Just Boards With His Wife.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

"DINNER ready?" says the Husband That Just Boards With His Wife, dexterously sidestepping her fond caress and making for his bedroom to take his collar off.

A little saddened by the matter of fact demeanor of the erstwhile Romeo who had vowed to her that Omar Khayyam was a beast because he sighed for a loaf of bread and a jug of wine, she trails after him along the hall of their tower of bliss.

"What's the matter, darling?" she questions, hopeful at least some mishap of the day has momentarily eclipsed the light of romance in her lord's eyes.

"Nothing," he rejoins, shortly. Then, suddenly, as a charger scenting the battle, a racehorse sniffing victory as the barrier drops, his head lifts, his eye lights and he asks, "Do I smell onion soup?"

The woman standing before him, once the angel of his dreams, the end of all his hopes, exists now only as minister extraordinary to his stomach. Unless, to be sure, in the course of dressing he misses the studs from his clean shirt, and then she undergoes a lightning transformation to the only other role in which he sees her, that of incompetent valet.

"Huh!" he growls. "No studs in this shirt!"



"Do I smell onion soup?"

"I'm so sorry, dear. I forgot. Let me do it, please," says his penitent wife, trying to take the shirt away from him.

"No, don't bother, I'll do it myself," he retorts, lolly.

Why men expect their wives to wait for them I have never been able to understand. Mutual service the bond of love undoubtedly implies. "You hook my waist and I'll dry your safety razor," is the sub-conscious basis of the matrimonial reciprocity treaty which means happiness.

But the Husband That Just Boards with His Wife does not recognize reciprocity.

His wife's evening toilet is made before he arrives. As he goes out as soon as he has been fed, he can be of no assistance to her in dressing if an invitation to a theatre party has come to brighten her accustomed gloom. In the morning he leaves after giving himself three more minutes for a third cup of coffee and denying her three seconds for a good-by kiss. Mayhap he may linger on the stairway, and she whose hunger for affection is only equalled by his passion for fowl and greens hopes for one moment that he has remembered and is coming back. But no, he breaks an all morning silence of course, this husband reads the paper during breakfast—call cheerfully:

"Whatcher going to have for dinner?"

Home for this husband is a boarding-house. The only time he ever feels like complimenting his wife is when she has tickled his palate with beefsteak and



"Whatcher goin' to have for dinner?"

onions and chocolate cake. Bright are her eyes as starlight, mysterious as the play of moon rays on a pool. A banner of beauty is her unfurled hair; slim and supple as a steel rapier is her body. A brazer of divine fire is her mouth. And yet, what shall all these things avail, what shall it profit her even that the wisdom of all the serpents be coiled in her curls if she forgets that he likes lamb chops cooked with the kidney or that stuffed green peppers give him a pain?

The shortest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, is an axiom of the disillusioned. It is also the shortest way out of a woman's love.

This is true of but few men, however. Most men would rather have an underdone steak than an overdone wife; a half-baked potato than a half-baked brain.

But the husband that just boards with his wife is not of them. If his meals are kept up to the standard what does he lack in life?

Nobody Sings But Bispham

Everybody Else in Tokeneke Park Stops Work When He Warbles and the Village Is All Broken Up Over It.

By Margaret H. Ayer.



M. H. AYER

IT isn't always an advantage to have a famous opera singer and an echo living so close beside one. For when the singer sings the echo carries his tones around the countryside, and demoralizes world and commerce.

The owners of Tokeneke Park, Conn., are still gravely discussing the situation, for it frequently happens that the whole day's work is upset by the voice of one David Bispham, who has taken a cottage on the Sound and who occasionally lifts up his voice and sings as only he can sing.

"It would be beautiful," said Mrs. Devoe, the charming manager of the Tokeneke Inn, "if only his singing wouldn't stop all work. Of course, I always go to the door and listen, and so does everybody else. The maids, waiters and cooks gather at the back of the house and the entire household ceases to move while he sings."

Near Mr. Bispham's cottage a house is being built which should have been finished on the 1st of June, but is still an unshingled wooden skeleton.

A group of workmen from sunny Italy have about it, and are inclined to more strenuous labor by an Irish foreman. Last Monday despite this foreman's efforts all work was postponed, while a baritone and tenor duet, exquisitely sung, issued from the neighboring house and was echoed across the water.

As the noon hour approached the workmen gathered in the back of the Bispham garden, where they found the rest of the village already assembled.

No Carnegie Hall audience could have listened more rapturously than the inhabitants of Tokeneke as David Bispham and George Hamlin rehearsed for their autumn concerts. Song after song filled the air. The entire village of Tokeneke had stopped work for two hours, all luncheons were late, no mail was delivered on time, expected packages, fruit, meat and vegetables did not arrive until after dinner.

Mr. Bispham has engaged his cottage for the season. The problem is how will the work of the village go on while he sings?